

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

Softly round her fever'd brain,
Came the breeze at evening's hour,
While the Robin's joyous strain
Was wafted to that couch of pain,
From summer's leafy bower.

And could that breeze and happy song
Unheeded by the sufferer be?
Oh! no! how fast with them along
Came each loved memory!

They called her visions from above
To earthly scenes again;
She sigh'd to leave the wood and grove,
The streamlet that she used to love,
And loved in dying then.

And it seemed for one so young
To leave a world so fair,
When hope was all its seems among,
And forms beloved were there.

But yet methinks I would not sigh,
To think upon the tomb,
If there were none with tearful eye
To weep in sadness when I die,
And mourn my early doom.

I would not wish one sorrowing thought,
From those I love so well,
And not one sigh, from sadness caught,
To mingle with my knell.

And thou, whose care with cheering power
Has smoothed my dying bed,
O! take, I pray, that little flower,
And cherish it in future hour
With care—when I am dead.

The gift of one now far away,
From all those groves and bowers;
Whose friendship charm'd my joyous day,
And cheer'd my weary hours.

Farewell! to all who loved me here,
O! hush, that troubled sigh—
For time the sorrowing heart will cheer;
Shed not for me that bitter tear,
I do not fear to die."

And now amid that forest rude,
Where oft in life she stray'd,
Within its silent solitude
Her moulderings form is laid.

SYLVIA.

TWILIGHT IN SPRING.

Breath the rich flow'r's in all their bloom,
And gently with their sweets perfume;
The zephyr loads his restless wing,
And rests in the lap of spring—
At twilight hour's double sweet
To wander, or to choose a seat
In some wild spot, where clas'ring twines
The lovely but neglected vines—
There shelter'd from the falling dew,
The heart's charms of ev'ning view—
And spreading o'er the azure sky,
The vap'ry clouds in rivity,
Richly their varied shades unfold,
Glowing with carmine, and with gold—
And purple of the deepest hue,
Is pen'd o'er the palest blue—
Shade mingling softly into shade,
So delicately bright, to fade;
The forms again—so new—so grand—
It seem'd that some celestial hand
Gather'd each setting sunny ray,
To spread them o'er the lung'ring day—
And sweeter was the robin's song,
As if he could feel how strong
The fairy spell that twilight wore,
And warble all his rapture o'er.

CORDELIA.

TO MY MUSE.

I've sought thee, yes, in many an hour,
When sadness hover'd near me,
And found, the' frail, thy minister power
So sweetly served to sheer me.

I've sought thee when the ray of peace,
Shows on thy youthful brow,
Nor dreamt that time woul'd e'er increase
Those ill which shade it now.

I've sought thee when I cheeful rov'd,
Thro' many a woodland bower,
While fancy traced each scene most lov'd
With friends who are no more.

I've sought, when in youthful pride,
I joined the giddy round,
And found thee still a faithful guide
In midnight hours profound.

When all was hush'd in silence near,
Thou still couldst prompt some lay,
Each restless hour of gloom to cheer,
And chase dull time away.

But now, farewell—the timid lyre
I've swept to many a strain,
But now no charms those chords inspire,
I sound them not again.

ELLEN.

TO ORASMYN.

A dreary world is this we tread—
Begirt with sorrow, care and pain—
And still we wander, fancy led,
And hope for bliss—but hope in vain.

Each little day its portion brings,
Of clouds and gloom and dark dismay,
And many a moment on its wings
Bear life, and joy, at once away.

The dreams—the fairy dreams, that blast
The dawn of being, quickly fly,
And leave a sadness in the breast,
And tear drop in the languid eye.

When first, in childhood's radiant morn,
"The world is bright before" our view,
We laugh the name of care to scorn,
And grief and sorrow seem untrue.

Each path is sunlit—green and gay—
Each prospect is serene and sweet,
We laugh and sing the livelong day,
And pace the earth with bounding feet.

Such bright enchantment meets our eyes,
So little tarnished with alloy,
We almost deem our journey lies
Along a world of cloudless joy.

But soon we shift the sunny scene,
And gloom and tumult burst by,
And things that erst appeared serene,
In dark confusion madly fly.

Few—few that tread this vale of tears,
Escape misfortune's galling goad,
And few that live to manhood's years,
But feel the world "a weary load."

Haply at times the mind may rise,
Some blissful scenes from fairy lands—
But 'em on these "cold duty" lays
Her countenancing stern command.

Yet, dear Orasmyn, let her chide,
Ere from thy hand the lyre departs—
Oh! yield not yet thy joy—thy pride—
The balm and sooth of thy heart.

Oh! banish not the penitive string,
But let thy hand still rule its tones—
And to my aching bosom bring,
The calm compposure of thine own.

Cling to the harp, whate'er betide—
Along life's bleak and boisterous shore—
Nor let its music quit thy side,
Until thy heart shall beat no more.

RAVENSWOOD.

SONG.

You talk of your vine in its brightness flowing,
You talk of your pleasure and bliss,
But give me the smile, in its brightness glowing,
With woman's—affectionate kisses.

You talk of your hounds, and the joys of the chase,
You talk of your frolics and races,
But give me the smile, in its brightness glowing,
With a smile of content in their faces.

Oh! these are the joys that encircle this life,
More dearer than all your vain pleasures,
Give me but the love, and the smile of a wife,
And take all your vain giddy treasures.

LOVE IN TURCOMANIA.

From *Buckingham's Travels.*

The women of the Turcomans, who are in general fair, ruddy, and handsome, neither disfigure themselves by blue stains, nor veil themselves, after the manner of the Arabs. The jealousy of the men, regarding their honour, is, however, still stronger. Mr. Maseyk, who, it should be added, is a Dutch merchant of the highest peculiarity, and has resided at Aleppo for forty years, and made journeys through every part of the surrounding country, told me an instance in proof of this, which I should scarcely have believed if I had not heard it from his own mouth.

"Two young persons of the same tribe loved each other, and were betrothed in marriage; their passion was open and avowed, and known to all their friends, who had consented to their union, and even fixed the period of its celebration. It happened, however, that they met, accidentally, alone, but in sight of all the tents; they stopped a moment to speak to each other, and were on the point of passing on when the young man, perceiving the girl, rushed out, with arms in their embrace, to avenge their disgrace. The young man took to flight, and escaped with a musket wound, but the poor girl received five balls in her body, besides being mangled by the daggers of her own brothers, who had sinned to plunge them in her heart; and when she fell, they abandoned her carcass to the dogs!"

"The young man gained the tent of a powerful friend, the chief of another tribe, encamped near them, and told his story, begging that he would assist him to a troop of horse, to enable him to rescue the body of his love from its present degradation. He went unaccompanied by some of his own slaves, but was accompanied by some of those of his master, that they could not suffer their master to be taken, and that God was angry with them, and that, on the morrow, we would become red as blood, the sun would shine at noon day, &c. By his skill in astronomy, he had ascertained that an eclipse of the sun was then to take place, and he made use of this experiment, which was entirely successful, the natives crowding around him with abundant supplies, and reverencing him as a demi-god.

These two anecdotes illustrate, with great force,

the advantages in moral power, possessed by the enlightened over the unenlightened—the educated over the uneducated; and go to strengthen the many arguments in favor of a practical, scientific education, wherever attainable.

CANINE SAGACITY.

At the commencement of the French revolution a dog went daily to the military parade in front of the Tuilleries, placed himself among the musicians of the band, with whom he waded through every evolution and step, and while all the crowd stood by, when he was present at the same hour. The place where with the animal evidently took in the music of the band, and the regularity of his attendance, excited the interest of the men, who frequently gave him part of their dinner. He invariably went to spend the evening either at the French or Italian opera, where he entered without ceremony, took his place in the orchestra, and remained there till the performance was over. [Now, if the doctrine of transmigration be true, one might suppose that the soul of a drum-major, or a playhouse fiddler had entered into this dog, and that old memories clung about him, and led him thus to haunt the scenes of former triumphs. What anecdotes might he not tell of the musical wars of the *Gluck*-s and *Piccinni*!]

AILEEN AROON.

The origin of this beautiful Irish air, which was first introduced to the British public a few years ago (probably) as a Scotch melody by the name of "Robin Adair," is thus historically and most likely related, in a new publication lately conducted, entitled *Boister's (Cork) Quarterly Magazine*:—"Carol More O'Daly, (brother to Donegall, a turbulent Connaught Chieftain, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,) was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a chieftain named Cavanagh, a lovely and amiable young lady, who returned his affection, but her parents would not consent to their marriage. Donegall, who was obliged to leave the country for some time, and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded them, of impressing on the mind of Ellen a belief of his falsehood, not of his having gone to be married to another; after some time they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered spot on the sea shore, and inspired by love, composed the song of Aileen Aroon. Disguised as a harper, he next night gained access to the room where she was thronged to listen to his singing. It was then, called on Ellen, to sing to her. It was then, torn from his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his softened strain, the very soul of pensive melody. It became *bituca tu no o dianfach*, *Aileen Aroon*. "Will you stay or come with me, Ellen, my dear?" Ellen soon felt its force, and contrived to elope with him that very night."

THE LATE JOHN ADAMS.

Mr. John Adams took his seat in Congress the 5th of September, 1774, the day the old Congress first met. In June, 1775, after blood had been shed, that war was certain, and that the enlightened and patriotic were preparing the public mind for resolution and independence, it became necessary to appoint a commander-in-chief of the armies of the United Colonies. General Ward, of Massachusetts, the colony which Mr. John Adams in part represented, was the person thought of for that important station. The 15th of June, 1775, a memorable day in the history of this country, Mr.

John Adams rose in his place, and, with much judgment and knowledge of public feeling, nominated George Washington, of Virginia, "to command all the continental forces raised, or to be raised for the defense of American Liberty." This entirely unexpected was this proposition, that Mr. Washington was, at the time it was made, in his seat in Congress. With the modesty which characterizes and appetites to greatness, he was so overcome as to retire immediately from the body. "Consequently he proceeded to the choice of a general, by ballot, and George Washington, Esq., was unanimously elected."

A TROPICAL CLIMATE.

Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The vete rouge lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks—Chigoes burrow themselves in your flesh, and catch a large colony of young shigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe will set up a separate ulcer, and has his own private passage, and his own mouth, into your nose. You eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Liardis, cockatrices and snakes get into the bed—ants eat the books—scorpions sting you the foot—every thing stings, bites, or bruises—every animal of the forest, that you are wounded by some piece of animal life, that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Mariana. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea—up—a sand-worm is swimming in your soup—up—a scorpion is swimming in your beer, or a caterpillar is crawling in the small beer, or a caterpillar, and a hundred dozen of eyes in his belly, is hastening over the bread and butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering her entomological hosts to eat you up as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this remains to us to drows, fog, vapor and drizzle—our apothecaries rushing about with garlands and tinctures—to our British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelling faces. *Edinburgh Review.*

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Verity's the very spin of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

THE TRUMPET.

(BY MRS. HARRIS.)
The trumpet's voice hath rended the land,
Light up the sky with fire!
A hundred hills have rent the broad,
And waved the sign of fire!

A hundred banners to the broads—
Their gorgous fields have won,
And here's the sound of sons!
A king to war went past!

The chief is striding in his bold,
The power of his heart!
The monarch hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth!

The mother on her first born son
Looks with a boding eye!

They come not back, though all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bold heart ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side;

For, for the marriage altar around,

The lover quits his bride!

And all this hast, and change, and fear,

By earthly clairspur!

How will it be, when kingdoms hear,

How the blast that wakes the dead!

Solutions to the puzzles in our last—CHART.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ENIGMAS.

Correspondents to the S. E. Post.

1. One-half of rarely and half of a Mahometan Priest.

2. Two-thirds of a tree celebrated in the history of Pennsylvania, and three-fourths of a Catholic priest.

3. One-half of a destruction, one-half of a martyrlife, two-fifths of the best work of Creation, and two-thirds of strange.

4. One-half of a city formerly mistress of the world, and one-third of a serpent.

5. Two-fifths of a delightful Squor, and a Royal fifth.

6. Two-thirds of an ancient habitation celebrated in the old Testament, two-thirds of a peasant's abode, and one-third of an illustrious city—SOLDAN.

EPHRAM.

Too long a squire Baboon led a bachelor's life,
He'd wait for her and he'd pray for a handsome young wife.

An elegant house he resolved to prepare,

Some young young damsel with which to ensare

To spread forth attractions he tortured his brain,

The wishful fagamans that he might obtain!

He consulted a friend—and tipp'd him a wink—

"If of my marriage trap, Jack, pray what do you think?"

"Think I think, my dear friend, you'll never get a mate;

The trap they'll admire—but they'll fly from the half."

LOVE—What is so unearthly, so beautiful,

as the first birth of a woman's love?

The air of heaven is not par in its wanderings, its sunshine

not more holy in its warmth. Oh! why should it

deteriorate in its nature, even while it increases in its degree? Why should the step which prints

smile also the snow?"

A long life may be passed without finding a friend in whom understanding and virtue we can ever trust, and who can be a true and constant one for us in life and in death. A man may, however honest, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to discern. Friends are often chosen for similitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failing, because they are his own. Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain; or they are interested and fearful to offend.—Johnson.

FLATTERER—Delusion essence! how strongly are all its powers and all its weakness on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart.—Sterne.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but all taxes are many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute idleness, or doing of nothing, with the expense of the taxes, and the loss of the improvements that amount to nothing. Slush, by the way, is a bad way of a wag, sleeping in the ice hole chains, by a sudden lurch of the ship was thrown overboard.

A man overboard! was the general cry and alarm, and every one ran to offer or give assistance to the drowning man.

Tom, who was a tolerable good swimmer, as every body thought, but nothing extraordinary, woke up finding himself in deep water, and began to use his paddles, the ship passing ahead as I was making before. I had the use of three and a half. Tom, who had lost sight of the ship, and the master, (for although our ship was lost on No. 100, the Captain's plan, ye see, was pretty full about) when Tom was lucky enough to get hold of the paddle chains. The hands all ran astern, expecting to see Tom astern, and lower the oily boat down to pick him up; but no Tom was to be seen. "He's gone," said they, "to Davy's locker," and efforts ensued.

Our ship was very deep, bound to the West Indies, consequently our gun rooms were low in the water. This Tom saw, and as it was getting dark, he thought that he would wait till the last heat to quarter, and jump the hammocks down before he got on board, when he did, and then popped down into the lady's bed, (where the gunner keeps his wads and spars, hammock tails) and there remained till the middle of the first watch, when he sailed forth and made fire with our bread bags, taking enough to serve him for three days. At the end of this time, we were jogging along at an easy rate, with scarcely any wind, about a knot, when master Tom, unobserved, slips out of the part he came in at, and drops into the hold of the ship. "The Dolphin, ahoy!" "Hail," says the quartermaster, who was about getting a pull at the mainbrace. Says Tom, "if you don't break the mainbrace, and heave too, I shall sink, for no man can swim to the West Indies without provisions."

Every body ran astern in amazement, for it had been blowing fresh, during the time we had supposed he had been overboard, but there was no time to be lost—so the boat was lowered and poor Tom picked up, to the great gratification and astonishment of every body on board.

On our arrival, as the Captain was on shore discussing with the Governor, the talk turned upon swimming. The Governor was extolling the pow-

ers of a black man he had, and our Captain's were as man could swim with Tom Gresham, or the Dolphin's游泳; however, to make a long story short, the Captain and the Governor made a heavy bet—the time was appointed—Tom naked one week to get ready.

The carpenters were ordered to make what sheets, and otherwise Tom required. The Fisher was instructed at his request to supply a foremast, provided with a day name, and Tom was to stand at the wharf appointed, when he began to stow his gear. The black fellow looked at him with astonishment. "What you do here, mass?" says he. "What am I doing here," says Tom, "why, mass, I am taking in my provisions, to be sure, and I advise you to do the same: for damn the lot of this do you get on the road?" "Why, mass," says the negro, "we no swim more miles or ten miles." "Nine or ten miles?" says Tom, as if in amazement at the short distance, "why, mass, I am going to Tobago, which I believe is over two hundred miles, and shan't be back for a fortnight."

The spectators were astonished. The black refused to swim. The Governor lost his wager, and it was not until we were homeward bound that Tom told the secret. BOB TRANSON.

PRIZE POETRY.

On the death of Gen. Wolfe, a premium being offered for the best written epitaph on that brave officer, among the rest there was a poem from which the following stanza is selected:

He marched without dread or fear,
At the head of his bold grandees;
And what was more miraculous—my, very
further,

He climbed up rocks that were perpendicular.

We copied a few days ago from the Boston papers, a marvellous story of the suffering of several Ames, who had been taken captive among the Indians. The Boston Gazette has made the following remarks upon this story—

Another Moushane is going the round of the papers, from the Boston Traveller. It is the relation of a fellow who calls himself Gregory, who, (with two others,) was taken prisoner during the war, and after being savaged, nobody knows where, but far enough in all conscience, has recently escaped and returned to Massachusetts. The story of his sufferings out-Herods Herod. He was made to eat his own thighs, to swallow his own tongue, and after being scalped, the bones were scraped, and the flesh morsels were eaten down his throat. He was made to drink his own urine, which he only received as if there was no particle of truth in it. Our editors below are as anxious for Indian stories, that they greedily snatched at anything, and the more marvelous the better.—Since we commenced our editorial labours here, it has fallen to our lot to contradict and expose at least half a dozen of these stories, which are circulated through the papers. But experience seems to be of little use, and a ravenous appetite is never satisfied. This Gregory is a worthless imposter, and any man who reads his account ought to know before he falls for it. The author of the original and retailers of these wonderful narratives, again repeat what we have before said, that there is no American prisoner retained in captivity among the Indians, nor has there been for years—and whenever comes with such a story should be set down as an impostor.

Twenty years' experience in the laws of stink, and the happy effects produced by this remedy have taught its simplicity and renovating power on countenances injured by age.

Those persons who reside at a distance can have the remedy sent by mail, enclosed in a letter, or through the medium of a friend in the city, addressing the proprietor of the "ANTI-DYSPEPSIC PILLS," 127 Arch street, Philadelphia.

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Sold in New York by O. & W. Hall, 146 Pearl street, who are sole agents for the proprietor; in Philadelphia, by Smith & Pearson, corner of Market and Third streets; in New York, by the proprietor, 127 Arch street; in Philadelphia, by Henry Price and William Butler, Market street; and by most of the Druggists throughout the United States.

april 25-15

ENCOURAGEMENT OF FRANKNESS.

Some years ago, says Richardson, in his anecdotes of painting, a gentleman came to me to invite me to his house: "I have," says he, "a picture of Rubens, and it is a good one. There is little in it, the other day came to see it, and says it is a copy. If any one says so again, I'll break his head. Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favor to come, and give me your real opinion of it?"

A ploughman was asked on his cross-examination, whether he read Greek; this appeared to be a problem he had never taken the trouble to solve; therefore, with as much naïveté as truth, he replied that he did not know—because he had never tried.

In his juvenile days, Mr. Burke was extremely fond of private acting. Once studying the part of Richard the third, and walking down a lane by his father's house intent upon his book, he had just uttered with heroic dignity, "Thus far we have got into the bowels of the land," when he suddenly found himself up to the middle in the mire of a ditch.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE VINEGAR.

To every ten gallons of pure water, add one pound of molasses, one pound of salt, and mix them well together, and place the cask in a garret, or a warm dry place, and occasionally shake it in a few months it will be fit for use.

P.S.—A pint of yeast may be added, which will forward its operation.—*American Farmer.*

The above proportions were mixed last August and found to produce as good vinegar as is generally made, in a general way, in this country.

Persons wanting advances on any of the above articles will find it to their advantage to call at the office of the most accomodating Druggist.

5. BLATCHFORD, Licensed Pawn Broker,

No. 117 North Fifth, 3d door above Vine.

* * * Remember the three Golden Balls.

June 25-25

THE PUBLIC BENEFIT.

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